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And toward the north a branch I broke with all my force.
I took it and to you I brought it."

Therewith a part of the sickness
Did I pound into the earth and stake it down.

Then forth came black tarantula magician.
In four places did he bite the earth
And continue biting,
Some shreds of sickness did he fold up,
Did pound them into the earth and stake them down.

Then forth came the red wasp magicians.
In four places did they bite the earth
And continue biting.

Of the earth, in these four places,
Did they make ollas.
Within, did they pour sickness,
Did pound it into the earth and stake it down.

From above descended mighty winged birds,
Their own wing feathers did they pull out
And therewith whipped and scattered some of the sickness.
All gone it seemed.

Then came the little sleeping people [ants]
Entering my house in ceaseless journeys,
The food that caused my sickness did they take
And yonder toward the north wind did they send it.

Then did the moisture that lies above
Begin to fall,
And altogether did destroy the sickness.

Thus should you also always think,
All you my kinsmen.(4)

When the speech was over those nearby called the orator by the kinship term, by way of salutation. Then the dancers filed out of the ceremonial house and ranged themselves in a line facing east. Music was supplied by singers with scraping sticks and basket resonators, who took their places just behind the dancers. In this cere-

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Against the standing trees did I go hurtling. 726
Through the mountain ravines did I go brushing quickly. 539*

After four halts did I reach
The shining white eagle, my guardian,
And I asked power.
Then kindly to me he felt, and he took forth
His shining crystal.
Our enemy mountains it made white as with moonlight
And drew them close,
And all across them I went striding.

Then, after four halts, did I reach
The very blue hawk, my guardian.
And I asked power.
Then kindly to me he felt, and he drew forth
His bright blue stone.
Therewith our enemy waters it made white as with moonlight,
And all around them I went striding.

There did I pull up and seize and tie together
All kinds of his fine seeds, fine clouds, fine winds;
Then did emerge
Thick stalks, thick tassels,
And the undying seed
Did ripen.

This did I do on your behalf,
My relatives.
Thus you should also think and desire,
All you my kinsmen.(9)

WAR SPEECH AT FIELD COUNCIL

Komarik

6. The stub of my cigarette I light in the embers. I put it to my lips; I breathe out. Then light will illumine my way. I will draw toward me my young men. I will give them bows, bow strings, and war arrows; round shields and thick clubs. I shall touch them all [in blessing]. I think and desire, all you my kinsmen, that you shall have a good life.(19)

After the speech the warriors applauded by "passing the kinship 726
term," each man in the circle, beginning at the right of the 576
Speaker, calling out the term of his own relationship.

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ways run. They had two meals a day, noon and evening, and these were special occasions for the exhibition of fortitude. They sat in a circle, each holding his basket, but not touching the corn meal he carried, while the leader stood in the center and spoke:

1. Was not this our purpose—that we should indeed make this journey on behalf of all? Thus we may attain much: great industry; great endurance of hunger; great energy. Something each man desires: to be a great runner, a shaman, a great singer, a great hunter. After having seen many things, look you, it is thus [as I have described] that each man will feel, look you, as he returns home [that is, he will have attained his heart's desire].(6)

This he said that "the men might realize the seriousness of the occasion." If they took it lightly, there would be an accident: a horse might escape or die, or a man might be injured.

After the leader had spoken, he went to the first neophyte. Taking from the man's pouch a little corn meal, he placed it in the basket held ready and added water from the man's gourd, the man himself not touching anything. The leader stirred the mixture and handed it to its owner to drink, but the latter, if he was brave, would let the corn meal settle and drink the thin solution on top, throwing the rest away. It was not etiquette for a man to turn his back to the circle; "he might eat too much." "Ripe men" were not subject to these restrictions, but ate as they pleased. They might also smoke, a privilege forbidden the neophytes. They puffed toward the sun, with a long "A-a-ah!" and the usual invocation: "You stand there [pointing]. Give me blessing. Give me life."

Each stage of the journey had its appointed ceremonial procedure, varying from the planting of prayer sticks with a very brief invocation, to the presentation of long ritual speeches. Komarik and Anegam left a prayer stick at each water hole, the Anegam invocation being:

2. Lo, it is my own offering, which already I have carefully made and finished. I have come bringing it, and thus I do: I will offer it. See it and do for me increasingly [what I ask]. Grant powers to me: great speed in running; great industry; great skill in hunting. Grant powers to me: great lightness in running; great industry. I will take them;

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kitchen. Several beeves are consumed on such an occasion, and a hundredweight of bread. After dark there may be a service in the church led by the woman officiant, and here the scene is outstandingly Mexican. Women crowd in and kneel in the tiny space, while the men stand outside.

After the service, the whole congregation forms a procession, like that to be seen in so many Mexican towns. The head man carries the saint's image, and perhaps two acolytes hold an arch of paper flowers over his head. Behind him comes an orchestra of guitar and two violins, which may cost the church owners twenty-five dollars a night. Then comes the congregation, men first, women following. They march to the cross, which the head man circles, while the followers turn about face, and then they return to the church where all leave contributions in the clay bank on the altar.

After this, comes the dancing. The orchestra takes its place in a booth, and the men make a fire if the night is cold. Old people, young people, and children dance a sort of polka. The Papago know that this dance was brought from Mexico, but they still observe some of their own rules. Girls dance with girls and boys with boys. Respectable women dance only with their husbands. The dance ground contains as many small children as adults.

In the dark, at the outskirts of the dance ground, drinking goes on. So does lovemaking. Both these relaxations were a part of the old rainmaking ceremony, and a few years ago the drink served at church fiestas was the native cactus beer. At present it is hard liquor brought in by bootleggers, and drunkenness is sometimes extreme. This change is hard to assess exactly, for the very same thing has gone on in Mexico. Many Sonora Indians, like the Papago, practiced ceremonial drinking and have now transferred the custom to Christian feasts. The Papago may have copied their Mexican neighbors, or the change to a near orgy may have been a parallel development with all. Certainly when people begin to revive on Sunday afternoon (the dancing goes on throughout Saturday night), there are usually some serious injuries to be found and occasionally a death.

These unaffiliated churches may have been developing at the

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KIN BEHAVIOR

The Group

571 602 The relationships of the ancient Papago, economic and social, were almost all within the kinship circle. "We love our relatives." "We would do anything for our relatives." "A purified scalp works for you like a relative." "We like to go to feasts *to see our relatives.*"

[576 783] Address by the kinship term was the regular greeting, the regular form of applause and the final rite for receiving a neophyte back to daily life after purification. White residents, critical of Papago self-government remark: "A Papago elected to office will consider no one but his relatives."

596 609 Anciently, the only standardized relationships were within the extended family. People outside it should not be chosen as friends because they could not be relied on. Any exchange of gifts made with them should be in the nature of a trade, with full payment immediately and no credit. Even though near neighbors, they remained in an outer sphere unless they were judged desirable connections in a marriage alliance. Then they were investigated, approached and finally drawn within the active circle of kin, to have their share in companionship, service and gift exchange.

602 Within this kin circle, there were no rigid rules. Papago had no avoidances and no joking relationships. The marriage regulations were tempered with economic convenience. The particular group of kin to whom one owed constant duty was not the nearest in blood but the nearest geographically.

361 602 This pragmatic use of a kinship formula was in agreement with the Papago mode of life. Villages were scattered over an immense desert country where travel was difficult, because of the absence of drinking water and a relative removed to another village became almost inaccessible. But relatives close at hand must be a constant reliance. They were the people called on for cooperative labor in house building, ditch digging, planting, harvesting, spinning, arrow making. A family's actual existence might depend on cordial relations with them. "We would do anything for our relatives" had the connotation "And our relatives would do anything for us." The cordial relations were an economic investment

602 Such an investment was rarely made in non-relatives, since they could not be trusted to repay, having their own more intimate obligations. But a relative valued his kin status and would pay,

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796 431 syrup. These were reciprocated within the month with a sack of beans and a sack of wheat but later the same strangers gave presents again and a regular partnership was established.

Kuitatk to San Xavier (26)

Gift: A saddle (made of a straw-stuffed bag in the Papago manner) with two saddle bags, one filled with beans and one with corn. A coiled basket filled with seeds of the giant cactus (used to make flour).

Return: A horse with a leather Mexican saddle, a serape, a willow basket of chick peas and another of cooked tortillas.

Pima to Kuitatk (26)

Gift: A cotton sheet full of threshed wheat, a gray woolen blanket, a willow basket bowl filled with cooked squash.

Return: A two year colt, two plaited sleeping mats, a decorated clay pot containing about three gallons of cooked beans, a plaited tray bowl about a foot square filled with tortillas.

796 431 576 The etiquette of distribution was for the giver's wife to hand the goods to the wife of the recipient who would carry them home on her back. But the giver's wife often playfully chased her "opponent", pelting her with tortillas and syrup; a symbol, perhaps, of the enmity between the two villages which was now a joke. The giver placed the stick representing the name of his "opposite," in his corn bin, where it brought increase.

796 431 The use of a village name, in auspicious ceremonial circumstances, was always a service to be paid for by village residents. The special songs for rain were sung at the drinking ceremony, given at each main village for its whole unit but all visitors were invited to attend and share the blessing. If such a visitor heard the name of his own locality mentioned in the descriptions of the coming of rain clouds, he must provide a gift, for the mere singing of the name in such a connection would bring rain. Visitors used to come prepared with gifts but a recent one had nothing to hand over but his cowboy hat. The same principle holds in the curing songs, which describe the habits of the animal guardians. Any locality mentioned in the description will have blessing and its residents must show they are not stingy.

431 783 727 The second important occasion for ceremonial payments, was the purification of an Enemy Slayer. This man, during the sixteen days of his retirement, had a ceremonial godfather who called him by the same term used by a senior paternal uncle and who was, afterward,

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KNOWLEDGE AND TEACHING

868 Beside the crafts already mentioned, Papago knowledge included some techniques in counting, measuring and time reckoning. Any individual knew the measurements connected with his craft and those who had older relatives versed in history or star lore [576] might pick up these also. But for a young person to question an older one was considered forward and discourteous so one desiring to learn merely haunted the society of an older relative until information was offered. If he had no relative with the desired knowledge, his chances of learning were small, since prolonged contacts with people outside the family were few.

COUNTING AND MEASURING

802 211 Papago has words for the numbers up to ten; the one for ten definitely meaning "all the fingers". Other numbers are expressed as multiples of ten. For 100, the Spanish word *cien* is used. The Papago, in ancient times, rarely counted as high as this, nor had they a word for it. The expression which indicated counting was "to cut the notches" or "to lay down the sticks". This was done when making an appointment more than the ritual four days ahead. Ten, twelve or sixteen were the usual numbers, indicated by a stick with the proper number of notches or a bundle of small sticks. The recipient marked off a notch every day until the proper time or stood the sticks up in a row and laid one down each day.

802 211 524 In scoring for games, the Papago, according to Culin, used as much as 100 grains of corn[1] but they need not count to 100. Both sides drew from a common pile, uncounted and, when this was exhausted, played until one side had acquired all the corn of the other. In this way, even several hundred grains could be used without the necessity of naming the numbers.

802 211 Another occasion for counting was when one village "sang for" another and every householder among the singers had to receive a gift. On the night before the ceremony, the singers sent to their hosts a bundle of sticks representing the household heads in their party who might be as many as thirty or forty. However, they were not necessarily counted. The messenger connected a name with each stick and in the council meeting of the hosts, he held the sticks

[1] Culin, p. 364.

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reciting the history of the stick, uses the technique of the origin myth: he begins at the beginning and proceeds straight through, without interruption and using as many nights as are necessary. It was by hearing such recitals that he himself learned the record. The writer negotiated with him for pauses at certain points when questions might be asked but he found it very difficult to remember under such circumstances. Papago etiquette requires that the learner shall never interrupt.

MEMORIZING

Akin to the learning of the calendar record is the learning of rituals. These, as mentioned above, are passed down by their owners to chosen male relatives but when no relative is available, the council itself may ask that a stranger be instructed. The method of instruction is for the teacher to recite the whole ritual through as many times as needed and then for the learner to say it all through. This sounds difficult but there are certain aids to memory in that the directions are always mentioned in order, every episode occurs four times and there are standard poetic phrases always recurring in specific connections. Still, learning a long ritual by this process may take a year.

Understanding the ritual is a separate accomplishment, not possessed by all. The writer found some old men who had spent years in thinking over their memorized material and discussing it with others. But this had been done after the learning was finished: while in the position of pupil, they had no right to ask questions and many of them had never done so. As a result they had learned by rote not only archaic words but misplaced words, and could not understand their own ritual. The habit of learning by heart, with the meaning a secondary consideration and questions forbidden, is to be considered in the teaching of Papagos in modern schools. The doubt and analysis to which White children are conditioned, even before school age, are absent in Papago attitudes and must be taught in school, not taken for granted.

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term but either is followed by the suffix — pat (deceased). Most names contain adjectives and nouns in common use, but the relatives do not avoid these words in daily speech. The shaman, who names children from his dreams, would not give the name of a dead person to a new child in the family.

A form of tears greeting is practised after there has been a death in a family. When relatives meet, who have not seen each other since the death, they approach weeping and spend some time wailing together. This is now done only by the women, but in the old days men wept too. When a village holds a ceremony to which people will come from a distance, the women of bereaved families stand in front of their houses weeping as visitors approach. Visiting female relatives join them and all wail, using the kin term of the deceased.[1]

[1] Cf. Eskimo, Thalbitzer, pp. 78—89, and Navajo, personal information, Dr. Reichard.

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smile. When one is angry, his face simply becomes expressionless. 201
The writer has heard of Papagos who attacked one another in anger but in a fairly long experience has seen no demonstration of the emotion except for people to walk away muttering, or sit, head down in silence. Laughter is constant, but it expresses good nature 201
rather than amusement. Humor being so tied to time and place 522
as it is, the writer found difficulty in grasping Papago jokes, but she noted a large number which turned on tricks of pronunciation. Endless amusement was derived by ridiculing the dialect of another group and many of the Coyote stories would have been pointless were it not for the speech of Coyote himself who always talks tongue-tied. There were the usual number of obscene tales, told in any group and before any relative. And there was always huge enjoyment in applying a name to anyone, even such simple names as Broken Basket or He Fell in the River.

Public behavior is very restrained. People do not touch one 576●
another or show affection except to children. There are no small words of courtesy. Instead of greeting, one stands smiling at the door of a house, waiting to be invited in. As a farewell, one says: "I am going" and receives the permission: "Go then." "Thank you" and "forgive me," are considered futile substitutes for deeds which should show the speaker's attitude. In the rare cases when blame is voiced by a father or some qualified person, there is no positive word which can be used. He must say, "it is not good," or, "not like people," *i. e.*, not polite.

Praise also is rarely used. The individual, feeling himself a necessary part of the group, does not need the constant flattery which comforts the lonely fighter in a different form of society. Papagos are so unused to this version of politeness that the lightly spoken compliments of Whites disconcert them. They consider the speaker to be either grovelling or making an important communication.

But while avoiding the extremes of blame or praise, communication proceeds with great etiquette so as not to hurt any one's feelings. The writer, having asked the interpreter to make the proper approach to a new subject, was always impressed by the almost courtly care with which polite openings were sought and cautiously followed up. One may ascribe some of the courtliness to Spanish influence but a wholesale adoption of Spanish manners would involve flattery also.

Motions and thinking are in slow tempo. Much of this can be 152
credited to the heat, but it is to be remembered that the Papago, like [147]
many Indians, have a slower heartbeat than Whites. Their calm

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he sent for the husband. "Do you beat her?" "Yes," said the man. He was a young man. I remember how he looked at the woman, his wife, while he stood there. "Yes, I beat her. But I want her with me. I'm jealous. I beat her because I think she looks at other men." "I don't look at other men," said the woman crying. So her husband said very quickly: "Oh, I want her back. It's all right." "Will you stop beating her?" "Yes, yes." The woman said: "But he has beaten me already. Many times and for nothing. Let him pay me." "How?" "With his body," said the woman. "Let him be beaten as I was beaten." My father thought about that and he said: "All right. How many stripes?" "Fifty." "You want to kill him," said my father. "I'll make it twenty." So the man knelt down and took off his shirt. The chief did not beat wrong doers himself. He had a messenger who was called the Chief's Leg. That Leg was a man who meant much to me later on. He took the rawhide whip to beat the man, but he did not raise too many welts. Men are sorry for each other.

Another time a father came with his daughter. "This girl will not lie with the man to whom I gave her." My father looked at the new husband who had come, too, and he thought he seemed a good man. "Is it true?" my father said to the girl. "Don't you want this man?" "Yes, it's true I'm afraid." "Well, we'll beat you. Then you can decide." So they tied her hands and the girl whimpered: "I'll take him." "Take her by the hand," my father told the husband, "and lead her home. If she misbehaves, come back."

I thought about that girl sometimes and I thought I would have been afraid, too. Then I asked my mother, though I did not tell her how I was feeling. My mother said: "It's right to be afraid of men. All good girls are."

We girls never saw men except our brothers. And our brothers kept away from us now we were almost maidens. They said that sometime we might become maidens suddenly and then if they touched anything that we had touched, it would take away their strength. So the boys did not play with us any more.

But I used to think about boys when I was—let me see, we do not count our ages—thirteen. Sometimes I thought I heard flutes at night. I do not know if it was really boys playing them or if I only dreamed it. But the music drove me wild. The flute is what our boys play when they want a woman to come to them and I wanted to go.

But my father said to me: "Never talk to a man alone. If one comes to the house when there is no one there but you, then offer him food. If he is a relative, say: 'Wait till I cook you something.' Even if he is a stranger, say: 'You had better eat.' But do not talk while you feed him. And if you have nothing in the house tell him quickly so he will go away and not wait, expecting."

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So I did that way and so did the other girls, all except a few wild ones. /59x
When we went to the hills to gather fruits, we went all together and an 576 ●
old woman with us. When we went to the pond with jars on our heads to 834
get water, we went in a group. Sometimes there would be boys there watering their horses. The wild girls would throw gravel at them, then laugh and run. I never did that.

I was a good housekeeper. I did all the cooking and I fetched the water /59x
and ground the corn. I could catch the horses, too, and saddle them for 462
my brothers. But I could not go out alone on the desert as they did. Why should I want to? That is man's work and no woman with a right heart wants to be a man. But I was excitable. My heart was not cool. When I had finished my work, I always wanted to race, and I was a good racer; the fastest of all the girls. And I was a gambler. Yes, always I have been a gambler and a lucky one. When I had ground the corn and fetched the firewood for the day, I used to run out to the houses where my girl cousins lived: "Come on. Let's throw dice."

We had dice which we made of sticks, painted black on one side with /59x
charcoal from the fire. Every girl had four, and we kept them always with 525
us as we kept our red paint. We sat in a circle, and all the people gathered to watch us and bet on the game. Each girl in turn tapped her sticks on a stone and threw them. Two points if all black, one if all white. And if of different colors, let the next girl throw!

We bet everything on that game. I had baskets which I had made and a mat. My father had brought me shell beads from the River Country and all those things I wagered. My mother did not mind; she was looking on. She would not say a word if I bet everything I had, even my clothes. But I never bet her things or my sisters'. Neither did my father. He bet his own things and he gambled all the time. That was his name, the Gambler.

Once I played against a grown woman from another village. First, I won her red woven girdle, then a whole red dress, then a Mexican scarf. She went back to her house and got everything she had, a basket, a mat, a big water jar. She said she wanted to bet them all, but she would race me on the race track.

So we went to the track and all the people came with us, betting. We chose two men to take charge; a relative of mine for the starter, one of hers for the finisher. I started from one end, she from the other and all the people yelled. But then hers stopped yelling and mine went on. She was not winning. I reached her relatives who stood at the end of the track where she had started, and she was still far from the rope. Her relative had to make mine stop yelling and then he said I had won. I heard her crying that night in the desert because she had lost everything.

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X 159 525 ● 576 My father was a gambler, too. He used to go all over our country playing against the men. Beads and necklaces he used to bring me back from the River People. And sometimes he took all the family with him when there were races between the villages and all our young men ran. But he would not let me run at those races nor bet on them.

"Wait till you are married," he said. "When you have a husband he will take you to the feasts. They are for married people, not for young girls."

X 159 576 832 834 He would not let me go to any feasts at all, not even to the maiden's dances, when they happened in our own village and to my own cousins. When a maiden came of age, the people sometimes danced every night until the moon got back to where it was when they began. The men and women danced with their arms over each other's shoulders. We wore nothing on our bodies above the waist then. The young men liked that. It is said that some young girls did not come home at night. It is said that some babies were dropped in the arroyo and no one knew.

X 159 832 836 They told me that there were women who went alone to those dances, the wild women, who did not work and who went about painted every day. Corn ears they painted on their breasts and birds and butterflies, each breast different for the men to see. And a woman's breast, in that dance, comes just where a man's hand can reach it.

X 159 152 158 I began to dream of those wild women. They can haunt you just as the Prisoners do. They make men and women crazy, sometimes so that they run out and die. Then you must make little clay dolls, a man and a woman, and have the medicine man sing over them to quiet the sick person. I was not bad enough for that, but sometimes, when I sat alone at my basketry, it would seem to me that I saw a boy and a girl making love and it made me wild.

X 159 158 And I dreamed strange things. Once my mother sent me after water and I was all alone; the other girls had gone earlier in the day. I had to cross a dry wash. As I came up to it, there I saw a snake three times as thick as a man. That wash was full of caves, and the snake's head was in one of them, his tail in another, with his body stretched all across the wash. When I tried to cross it, he would hit me on the legs. I ran home without the water and my father was angry. My mother came with me to see what was the matter and there was no snake there.

And I kept hearing flutes; flutes in the morning and evening. Such lovely music that I would stand still in the house to listen. I thought my crystals were growing again.

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he made a noise like an owl: hm. The fifth time, he took up the bowl of clay and stirred it around with a little owl feather that was standing in the center of it. Then he put the clay to my mouth. "Drink this up!" So I drank it all.

Then he marked me, the sacred marks that are put on the men who have got salt from the magic ocean; the marks that take away bad luck and bring you a good life. On my breast, on my shoulders, my back, and my belly.

"Your name shall be cha-veela." I did not know before what name he was going to give me; neither did my parents. The medicine man names one from his dreams. Some of my friends had names that could be understood like Leaf Buds, Rustling Leaves, Windy Rainbow, Dawn Murmur. But I have never understood my name and he did not tell me.

After all that work, I did not menstruate again for a year!

VI

My father said to me: "Look, my girl. We are going to marry you, over at that house."

He did not say the boy's name out of modesty, just motioned with his lips eastward down the valley. The place he meant was Where the Water Whirls Around, where I went with my clay jars every time our pond went dry. I knew every house there and the people in them. I knew who the marriageable young man was. It was the medicine man's son. I had never spoken to him; I had never spoken to any young men except relatives and of course we do not marry relatives. But my breasts were getting large, now. That is how we know when a girl should marry. "They ought to be used for something," we say.

So my father and mother had been consulting. It must have been when I was asleep at night for I had not heard them. They had decided on a man to ask and then my father had sent my mother to tell my aunts and uncles about it. They all approved. They had not told the boy yet. That is done last of all. But of course no man would refuse, even if he already had a first wife. It would not be polite.

My father went on talking to me in a low voice. That is how our people always talk to their children, so low and quiet the child thinks he is dreaming it. But he never forgets.

"We want you to behave yourself as we have always taught you to. Stay there in the right way. Don't wait for your mother-in-law to tell you what to do. Get up early, find wheat, grind flour. If you can't make tortillas, have flour ready for her to make them. You stay right there and make

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left my basketry tools, my dice, and my red face paint, all at my father's house. A bride does not go and get those things until she feels at home in the new place.

We came to Where the Water Whirls Around and stood out behind their house. My mother put down her carrying basket and we waited to be invited in. That is how we do when we go to someone else's house. The door is always open, or if they are under the arbor in summer, there is no door. But we do not walk in. We wait for someone to see us and to say: "There is an arrival."

My mother-in-law came out, took the syrup from my mother's basket, carried it into the house, and put it away. Then she came out with some beans and corn, and filled the carrying basket. She said to me: "I have put the mat for you." So I went into the house and my mother went home, crying in the evening, with that basket of corn and beans.

Their house was a grass house, like ours. At one end of it slept the old people, then two boys who were almost grown up, then two little children, then my husband and I. My mother-in-law came to the mat she had placed there for us and laid on it a waist and a skirt and some beads. I had not had many real waists before that. Pretty soon my husband came in.

He was a strong young man and he was clever. He was going to be a medicine man, only his family did not know it. He was nice to me but I was afraid of him. We had not really talked yet. I sat there and laughed a little but I did not talk, and the next morning I got up and ground the corn. My mother-in-law did not have any grown daughter, only those sons, and she was glad someone had come to do the work. She and I laughed and talked in the house. Only I was afraid of my husband. I had never talked to a man at all and I did not know what to say. Maybe I never would have talked to him; I do not know. Only one night when we went to bed, there was a rattlesnake in our bed. I screamed. He said: "Get up and we'll shake our bedding." After that I felt more at home.

My husband had three brothers. Two of them were big boys, almost ready to be married. One was called Thundering Wings and the other we always called by a nickname, One on Top of Another. That was because once he went to Mexico and bought two shawls. He did not know how to carry them on the horse, so he tied them both around his shoulders, one on top of another.

Those two brothers were going to be medicine men, only we did not know it yet. Medicine men do not tell their power until they have really begun to cure and these boys were just dreaming. They used to tease me because I was their first sister-in-law and the only girl in the house. I said: "Go and get some wives. I want company."

4: Joseph et al D,E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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PEOPLE ON THE DESERT

Like many other Indians, the Papago are a young people. About 40 per cent of those living on the three reservations in 1942 were under eighteen years of age. The average age of males was twenty-three years and of females twenty-one.[3]

Costumes are not so colorful as those of some Arizona and New Mexico tribes such as the Navaho. Most of the older women wear the ankle-length Mother Hubbard cotton dress with loose blouse used by many older Indian and Mexican women in the Southwest and in Sonora. With this they wear a shawl or *rebozo* usually wrapped tightly around the head with an end hanging down the back, rather than loosely draped and allowed to fall over the shoulders. Younger women and girls wear cotton or rayon dresses in contemporary American style. Fiesta dresses are more colorful, and one occasionally sees the brilliant rayons which added splashes of color to gatherings in former years. Males from the age of one to one hundred wear denim or khaki pants with shirts of cotton for work and bright rayon for festive occasions, kerchiefs about the neck, with brimmed felt hats, and cowboy boots if they can possibly afford them. Some of the educated men have American-style "business suits" for trips off the Reservation. Good clothes, particularly shoes, are bought when there is cash on hand, and a man may spend considerable sums on hats and boots. Even in the conservative western districts of the Reservation, the people buy American clothing, often quite "fancy," for the children and young people. Papago believe clothing should be neat, clean, and modest but not necessarily sober; they all want to "look nice" before other people.

Typically the Papago move with a slow dignity and grace, and only in near-emergency situations does the word "hurry" have any meaning for them. A rider who runs his horse when he is not roping or running cattle is almost certain to elicit the comment, "Oh, he's drunk."

From early childhood the Papago is taught to be quiet, self-contained, and not to become angry. A reserved person whose equanimity is difficult to shake, he expresses opposition or resentment quietly, for he believes in discussion without argument and angry words. He does not ask direct questions or make statements directly; a question is asked through a circumlocution, and answers are given in the same manner. To white people it sometimes sounds like speech in parables, but to a Papago the meaning is perfectly clear. The curiosity of white people often causes difficulty between them and the Indians. Questioning about unimportant things the Papago regard as rather humorous, but questions about their personal affairs seem to them extremely bad taste.

3. Population data from United States Bureau of Indian Affairs, *Program, Papago Indian Reservations, Arizona*; see also chaps. v and vii below.

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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576 queries about their personal affairs seem to them extremely bad taste. The Papago like privacy and respect the same desire for it in others.

157 521 Despite their quiet and controlled behavior, there is nothing somber or morose about the Desert People nor do they lack interest in what goes on around them. They are extremely observant and curious about details. With their friends they gossip constantly, but to be vindictive or to show off is not regarded with approval.

609 522 Though the reserve with which Papago greet a white stranger is often called "stolid" by people who do not know them, facial expressions are pleasant. Among themselves they laugh at the endless joking that goes on among family members, over a comic incident, a child's improper behavior, a misstatement, or their own embarrassment. They love to sing, and, in any Papago group, smiles and laughter are constant accents to conversation.

431 Gifts serve as acknowledgment among the Desert People for their language has no phrase for "thank you"; too, they give because they like giving, and the person who does not is thought to be not quite Papago.

THE DESERT

133 It is no wonder that the Papago were not pushed off their land as were many other Indians. This area is one of the hottest and driest in the country, a land in which, with experience and hard work, a family can make a living; but it offers little in the way of surplus.

The Papago country, often referred to by its Spanish name of Papaguería, is a part of what natural scientists call the Lower Sonoran Desert, an area extending north and east to the Mongollon Rim in Arizona, westward into southeastern California, and southward along the western coast of Sonora and Sinaloa in Mexico. It is characterized by a basin and range topography, extreme drought and torrential rainfall, and great changes in daily and seasonal temperatures. A series of small ranges of rugged mountains run roughly northwest to southeast, with wide alluvial valleys marked by networks of washes or arroyos.[4] Elevation of valley floors varies from 1,400 to 2,600 feet, but the mountains on the whole are not high enough to affect rainfall except for the Baboquivaris on the eastern edge, where the tallest peak reaches 7,740 feet and seems to keep all the surrounding desert under its eye.

132 Rainfall in Papaguería is not only scarce but unpredictable. Rains come in the winter months and again from July through September. The gentle winter rains fall steadily over the whole area, sometimes for several days at a time,

4. A wash or arroyo is a stream channel which carries water only after the rains. Water rushing down the wash rapidly covers adjacent lands in what are known as flash floods.

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Pate" (both names bestowed on white people) reflect physical characteristics. Nicknames are commodities after a fashion, for they may be bought or traded.

When a Papago is addressed directly, neither the name given him by a medicine man nor his nickname is used. If the speaker is not a relative, he addresses another Papago by his English or Spanish name or by the Papago term for "friend." Spanish names were given to the Indians by the first missionary priests; they were all saints' names, and no surnames were added. As white men dealt increasingly with the Papago, they found it difficult to distinguish the many Joses, Juans, and Franciscos; so they introduced the Desert People to the system of taking the father's name. Frequently the Indians used the father's given name as a surname; thus a father, son, and grandson might be Jose Juan, Pablo Jose, and Cesario Pablo, respectively. Not all siblings, however, would necessarily take the father's name; five brothers might have five different surnames. Wives might take the husband's surname or retain their own. Whites were further confused by the ease with which Indians changed their names; Juan Francisco might suddenly become Chico Jose.

When the English-speaking white traders and government employees began to record these Spanish names, they were misled by the Papago pronunciation or by their own lack of acquaintance with Spanish into misspelling or anglicizing them. Thus Moristo has become "Molisto," and Averisto is alternatively spelled "Valisto"; Xavier is written "Havier" or is changed to "Harvey" or "Harris"; Candelaria may be "Condolorey." One well-known surname, Puella, is a white teacher's spelling of a Papago child's pronunciation of his name, Pedro Maria—"Pedlo Malia."

Although census records, school rolls, and registration for rationing and Selective Service have influenced Papago to keep the same name, some confusion remains because there is still a rather strong sanction against uttering names unnecessarily, particularly as terms of address. When addressed by name, many adults will answer with manifest annoyance if at all, and even a child who has been in school for some years will show embarrassment. English-speaking Papago seldom address a white person by name; they prefer "you." But, if a name must be used, it is always the surname with "Mr.," "Mrs.," or "Miss." The formal address is also used with certain Papago in positions commanding respect but never when a kin term might be substituted.

Thus the system of appellation so well defined in white culture is in a transitional stage among the Desert People. The old medicine men's names are dying out, and inheritance of surnames is gradually becoming common. But

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Pima Indians; he may be related to some of them. Yaqui Indians, with whom Papago do not mingle so freely, also work there. The child may see Negroes working in the fields or perhaps colored troops stationed near Ajo, but the Papago consider "the black ones" social inferiors and do not associate with them. 857 609 [186]

Mexicans are encountered in many towns near the Reservation. They live near or among Papago who are working in town, and the child may be taken into Mexican stores. But the average Papago child's most memorable contacts with Mexicans occur on the annual pilgrimage to the church of San Francisco in Magdalena. The two-hundred-and-fifty-mile trip is the longest which many Papago children ever make, and they enjoy it to the utmost. The days of preparation are busy ones for the child, who runs many errands and keeps the babies out of the way of hard-working adults. On the way the family may pass through Sells and Tucson and perhaps have a little time to look into the stores. Magdalena itself is a paradise for the child. The booths with their bright clothes, strange foods, and fascinating knickknacks, the crowds in the plazas, the music in the bars and streets—all fascinate him. The blessing received by kissing the statue of St. Francis, he is taught to believe, is worth the long wait in the crowded cathedral, for it is his most powerful safeguard of good health throughout the coming year. 857 609 484 [75]

More frequent are trips to towns near the Reservation. Children from the eastern districts go infrequently to Tucson, and all the children from the western villages studied have been in Ajo many times. Nearly all the westerners and many from the East visit the homes of relatives working at the Ajo copper mine. In town Papago children love to go to the movies and buy comic magazines, even though they do not understand English. They spend a few cents for candy and stand about the streets watching all the people, particularly the strange whites. As at the fiestas, little girls stay close to the women, but boys run about by themselves.

For years, school children of the western districts have gone to the municipal Christmas Eve celebration in Ajo. They travel in the school bus and on arrival run about the town square. A uniformed band plays near the huge decorated trees in the park; there is a parade, with Santa Claus in a sleigh, and treats of candy and fruit for everyone. The youngsters enjoy it all, but they usually skip the parade and other preliminaries to establish themselves in line to receive candy. They are not shy and will push as hard as Mexican or white children to get to the front and enter the line a second or third time to get more candy. It does not occur to them that this might be unsportsman-like; the candy is being given away, and the youngsters assume that they are welcome to all they can eat. To them this is a whiteman's fiesta, and at a fiesta the host always says, "Come in and eat; eat all you want." They do. [576]

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
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000 the moonlight. "*Compañero,*" he said, ejaculating a few more words in unintelligible Spanish, at the same time thrusting forward a big open bottle with bright red contents, the smell of which at once made me aware of the [576] situation. He was offering me sahuaro wine as a proof of his esteem. But he might have chosen a more reasonable hour for his hospitality, so I bluntly answered: "No; I will have nothing until I get up." He disappeared among the bushes as quietly as he had come; in fact, he did not give me time to ascertain what had become of him, and it seemed like an unpleasant dream. However, being desirous of getting some rest before the ceremonies that were sure to take place at sunrise, I fell asleep again after a while.

796 The wine did not mature as early as expected, and in [805] the morning one of the principal men told the people to gather when the sun would be half-way between noon and sunset, when the culmination of the feast would take place. One of the Indians confided to me that the people thought I was all right; I danced with the proper step. Gradually crowds began to assemble, many of the young men on horseback; slender of figure but above medium height, they were of prepossessing appearance, sitting erect and following well the movements of the horse. [77] Everybody was in his best attire, all adopted from the whites, and everybody, both men and women, looked clean. But there was no hurry about anything. After a few hours passed in this way, the Keeper of the Smoke, who was the general manager of all the proceedings, was seen to spread out blankets and mats on the dancing

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
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may be seen playing harmoniously together, where a similar gathering of small Caucasians would soon result in discord, fights, and tears. The children and young girls have three kinds of chewing gum; the one which is most commonly used has been mentioned already, another is procured from the pod of a vine which comes early and dries in July; by squeezing the pod a milk is secured which when boiled yields a gummy substance. These natives never shake hands; they come and go and are never obtrusive. In the circumstances under which I travelled, I liked that custom; it made me feel independent and equally polite. When an Indian comes to shake hands with me, I know he has changed his mode of life, for one may be sure that he learned that custom from Americans or Mexicans. Their language is not sonorous, as it is full of guttural sounds and half-pronounced syllables. Four is their sacred number.

In the autumn of 1909 there was a mild epidemic of an eye disease among the Papagoes of Sonora as far west as La Nariz. The eyes were red and inflamed, as in conjunctivitis, and the pain evidently was very great. They probably contracted this disease from the Mexicans.

In his changed habits of life, inhabiting houses that do not admit air and adopting clothes that debilitate his magnificent physique, the Papago, when he catches cold, is unable to throw it off in the same way that a white man does. It very often develops into pneumonia and consumption, which awful disease is the scourge of the tribe, nine out of ten deaths being due to tuberculosis. The children bring it from school and even old people